

# The L O V E R.

By MARMADUKE MYRTLE, Gent.

*On Rows of homely Turf they sat to see,  
Crown'd with the Wreaths of every common Tree.  
There, while they sit in Rustick Majesty,  
Each Lover has his Mistress in his Eye.*

*Art of Love.*

Tuesday, March 9. 1714.

**C**orrespondents begin to grow numerous, and indeed I cannot but be pleased with the Intelligence, which one of them sends me, from the Novelty of it. The Gentleman is a very great Antiquary, and tells me he has several Pieces by him, which are Letters from the *Sabine* Virgins to their Parents, Friends and Lovers in their own Country, after the famous Rape which laid the Foundation of the *Roman* People. He thinks these very proper Memorials for one who writes an History under the Title of *Lover*. He has also Answers to those Letters, and pretends *Ovid* took the Design of his Epistles from having had these very Papers in his Hands. This you'll say is a very great Curiosity, and for that reason I have resolved to give the Reader the following Account, which was written by a *Sabine* Lady to her Mother, within ten Days after that memorable mad Wedding, and is as follows.

Dear Mother,

THIS is to acquaint you, that I am better pleased with a very good-natured Husband in this little Village here of *Rome*, than ever I was in all the State and Plenty at your House. When he first seized me, I must confess, he was very rough and ungentele, but he grows much tamer every Day than other, and I do not question but we shall very soon be as orderly and sober a Couple as you and my Father. My Cousin *Lydia* no body knows off certainly, but the poor Girl had two or three Husbands in the Rout; and as she is very pretty, they say all contend for her still. *Romulus* has appointed a Day to fix the disputed Marriages; but it is very remarkable, that several can neither agree to live together, or to part. For if one proposes it, that is taken so mortally ill, that the other will insist upon staying, at least till the other consents to stay, and then the Party who denied demands a Divorce, to be revenged

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of the same Inclination in the other. Thus they say, they cannot consent to cohabit till they are upon an equality in having each refused the other. This you must believe will make great perplexity; but *Romulus*, who expects a War, will have great regard to let none who do not like each other stay together, and makes it a Maxim, that a Robust Race is not to be expected to descend from Wranglers. Pray let me know how my Lover, who propofed himself to you, bears the loss of me. I must confess I could not but resent his being indifferent on this Occasion, after all the Vows and Protestations he made when you left us together. I don't question but he will make Jests upon the Poverty of the *Romans*; but they threaten here, that if you are not very well contented with what has passed, they will make you a Visit with Swords in their Hands, and demand Portions with your Daughters. When I was made Prize by my good Man, who is remarkably Valiant, for which reason they left me undisputed in his Hands, he soon took off my first Terrors from my Observation of that his Preheminence, and a certain determinate Behaviour, with a dying Fondness that glowed in his Eyes. I told him from what I saw other People suffer, I could not but think my Lot very fortunate, that I had fallen into his Hands, and begged of him he would indulge my Curiosity in going with me to some Eminence, and observe what befel the rest of my Friends and Countrywomen. He did so, and from the Place we stood, I observed what passed in all the hurlyburly, he observing to me the Quality and Merit of the Husbands, I giving to him an account of the Wives. How strangely Truth will out! *Hispulla*, as I saw, when they were strugling for her, has crooked Legs; *Cloe* laughed so violently when she was carried off, that I observed her Lover, as pretty as she is, hardly thought it a Purchase; while *Didanna*, as homely as she is, by muffling



“ muffling her Face and shrieking, was contended for by twenty Rivals; that arch Creature *Flora* has escaped by offering her self; as soon as she perceived what was intended, she got upon a little Hillock and cried out, *who will have me, who will have me, bear I am come take me.* This forwardness made every Man think her a Common Woman, and the Flirt is now safe under the Protection of *Romulus*, as a Woman not yet disposed of; but when her Character and Innocence is known, it is thought she will fall to the Lott of *Marcus*, for his generous Behaviour to *Thalestrina*, who you know was betrothed to *Cincinnatus*; *Marcus* and *Cincinnatus* have long been mortal Enemies, and met each other in Skirmishes of our different Nations, wherein sometimes one, sometimes the other has been successful. This noble Virgin, whose Beauty and Virtue distinguished her above all the *Sabine* Youth, fell into the Hands of *Marcus*. Our Apartments here are not very lofty, and Arbors and Grottoes, strewed with Rushes, Herbage and Flowers, make up the best Bridal Beds among the *Romans*; to such an Abode as this *Marcus* dragged the lovely *Thalestrina*. This People are not polite enough, especially on this Occasion, to express their Passion by Civility and ceremonious Behaviour; when *Thalestrina* was convinced of *Marcus*'s immediate Purpose, she fell into a Swoon at his Feet, and with a Sigh in her Fall cryed, *Ob Cincinnatus!*

“ *Martius* at the suddeness of the Accident, and the Name of his Enemy and Rival for Military Glory, was surprised with many different Passions and Resentments, which all ought to have given way to the Care of *Thalestrina*; but in a Nation of Men only, and on the first Day wherein they had a Woman in their Commonwealth, he was much at a loss how to be affistant to her; but as he saw Life revive in her, Nature and good Sense dictated rather to absent himself, than be present at the many Distortions of her Person in coming to her self. He retired, but entered the Place again when he thought she might be enough recovered to be capable of receiving what he had to say to her.

“ He approached as she leaned against a Tree which supported the Bower, and delivered himself in these Terms.

“ *Madam*, The Passion you were lately in, your noble Form, and the Person you called upon in your Distress, give me to understand you are *Thalestrina*. I am *Marcus*, and have no Debate with *Cincinnatus*, but on account of Glory; were he a Stranger to me, your Passion for him should secure you; were he my Friend, you should command all in my Power, in spite of all the Charms I see in you; and as he is my Enemy, I scorn to wound him in a Circumstance where in he is not capable of making a Defence. You have common Humanity, and the Generosity of an Enemy for your Safeguard; I will return you to *Cincinnatus*; and I see, by the beautiful Gratitude which I now read in your Face, you will represent this Conduct to the Advantage of the *Romans*, of whom there is not one who does not sacrifice his private Passions to the Service of his

“ Country. I assure you, I know not whether it is more behoden to me this Day for the Offering which I make of my Anger, or my Love.

“ He did not put her to the Pain of long Acknowledgments of so great a Bounty as that of her very self, but conducted her into the Presence of *Romulus*, and told him, with a very joyous Air, he had resigned a Fine Woman from his Bed, to purchase a Brave Man to his Country.

“ I know *Cincinnatus* so well, that I doubt not but he will be a Friend to *Rome*, and interpose his good Offices for a Peace between us and the *Sabines*: I hope all will join in the same Mediation, who have Children here, for I already know not to which Party my Heart would wish Success, if a War should ensue; for I find a Wife is no longer a Daughter, or any other Name, which comes in Competition with that Relation: But hope things will so end, that I may have the Pleasure to be the faithful Confort of an honest Man, without interfering with any other Character, especially that of,

*Madam,*

*Your Dutiful Child,*

*Miramantis:*

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